A REVIEW OF THE Affairs of *FRANCE*:

With Obſervations on TRANSACTIONS at Home.

Thurſday, June 28. 1705.

I Am now moving our People to Peace, from the Poſſibility of an Ill Turn upon our Affairs Abroad; I am repreſenting Dark and Melancholy Providences to our View; I am Drawing the Unpleaſant Picture of a Nations Misfortunes, and ſearching for the true Temper of a People under the Preſſures of a loſt Battle, or the Diſaſters of a Broken Confederacy; and from thence ſhowing how naturally ſuch a Condition would bring us all to a right Underſtanding, how an ſuch Caſes we ſhould own our Quarrelling Miſtakes, and how readily the worſt of us ſhould ſhake Hands together.

Tis hard, nothing but Diſaſters will open our Eyes; Pray Gentlemen, allow me humbly to Entreat one thing; let us look Abroad with the ſame Proſpect, as if a Diſaſter had happen'd. Suppoſe for once, *I hope you will never have Occaſion to do any more but ſuppoſe it*——But ſuppoſe for once now, a Terrible Battle had happen'd on the *Maes*, the Confederate Army entirely Broken and Defeated, about 15000 Men Kill'd on the Spot, as in ſuch a Caſe there could not be leſs; 10 or 12000 Priſoners taken, the beſt Officers moſt of them Kill'd, the Duke of *Marlborough*, Monſieur *Auverquerque*, and moſt of the Generals, ſome among the Slain, ſome among the Priſoners, the reſt totally Diſpers'd, the Cannon, Baggage, and Ammunition, all left to the Enemy.

Suppoſe the *French* Diligently following this Blow, entering the Confederate Countries with *one Body*, Beſieging *Maſtreich* with *another*, and piercing into *Holland* to the Gates of *Nimeguen*; the Mareſchal *Villars* puſhing his Conqueſts on the *Middle Rhine* with a third, coming down to *Bonne Cologne*, and the Rich Countries on both Sides the *Rhine*, where few Forces being left to Oppoſe him, he would make large Spoil in the Circle of *Weſtphalia*; the Mareſchal *Marſin* at the ſame time advancing from *Strasburgh*, and Prince *Lewis* being gone Home, the Army Weak and without a Head, *Landau* falls of Courſe

In *Italy* the Duke *de Vendosme* keeping Prince *Eugene* at Bay among the Mountains, and with another Army taking *Turin*, the Capital of the Duke of *Savoy*'s Territories, and so finishing the Ruine of that Abandon'd Prince.

At the same time our Fleet under some General Disaster, of what Sort the *Paris* Gazette pleases.

Pray, Gentlemen, for once realize those Ideas, do but fansie this the present Posture of Affairs; suppose all these Particulars just now in Transaction, and every Post bringing in the Heels of another, the Terrible Accounts this of the Taking of *Landau*, that of *Breda*, a third of *Turin*; this that one Army of the *French* had pass'd the *Waal*, into the Heart of the *United Provinces*, another the *Rhine* into the *Palatinate*, a third the *Addige* into *Trent* —— How should we look at one another in the Streets? What Concern would seize every Thinking Man? How would our Passions appear in our Faces, and the just Apprehensions of our own Ruine, fill us with Unusual Cares? How should we look on our Flourishing Fields as Places likely to be soon over-run with the Ravaging Legions of a Victorious Enemy; our Stately and too Richly Furnish'd Houses, as Baits to the Insatiate Fury of Triumphing Soldiers? How would our Wives and Daughters affect us, who we must abandon to the Lawless Appetite of the Enemy, or to no purpose Die in a Fruitless Defence of them? And how should we think with Patience of our Innocent Children, who we should leave Slaves to Universal Victorious Tyranny, and to become Hewers of Wood, and Drawers of Water, to an Insulting and Barbarous Nation?

With what Convulsions of Soul should we then look back upon the most Incongruous Nonsence of Party Strife, and the Foolish, Empty, and most Insignificant Trifles, for which we Quarrel with one another, and weaken the Hands of that Confederacy, which in its most Perfect United Strength, has always been weak enough to resist the Flowing Tide of *French* Power.

Here I could wish to be a Painter good enough to represent in Lively Colours, the Operations of Nature, when Agitated by Violent Passions, he that could Paint the Passions to the Life, must move the same Passions in the Reader, that he Describes with his Pen.

I know no bitterer part of Humane Anguish, than the clear Sense of some most Exquisite Benefit lost by some most Intollerable Oversight, and Neglect, sold for some Toy, and the Opportunity of possessing it refus'd or some Sordid and most Despicable Trifle.

What's Hell but this? The Loss of Heaven and Sight
Of those Blest Hours we had for gaining it.

To look back on our Nation lost, our Prosperity sunk, our Wealth Destroy'd, our Religion, Liberty, and Trade Trampled on, and our Posterity bound in Chains of Irretriveable Bondage; and all this by our Private Dissentions, our Cavils at Imaginary Dangers, and Neglecting the real ones, our Party and Petty Feuds, Things Deriv'd from nothing Substantial, mov'd from no Cause, and directed to no End, but such as we must Blush to Name; What deep Wounds must these Reflections make upon our Souls? And how must the Thoughts of them be Inexpressibly afflicting?

In this Juncture of Distress, and your Thoughts wound up to the highest Extream of Anguish and Despair, let me make one Motion more to you.

Fancy now, a High Church Author Printing a Paper, or a High Church Parson, Dr. *B——ch*, or any Body else Preaching a Sermon of Fury and Anathema's against the *Dissenters*; fansie a Mortal Feud between the Bishop of *Ex —— ter* and his Clergy, Embroiling three Counties about Choosing two Proctors to come up and do nothing at the Convocation. Imagine in the Heat of all these Terrors a Pen and Ink War about Moderation, a Party Railing at the Low Churchmen and the Bishops, about pulling down the Church, fansie the whole Nation in a Ferment about Committing five Men of *Aylesbury*; fansie an Occasional Bill brought in, and the whole Nation Divided about its passing; fansie the City of *Coventry* together by the Ears, and knocking their Magistrates

giſtrates on the Head, about Chooſing two Tackers; fanſie the City of *Norwich* going Mad, whether the Inhabitants, or an Ignorant Ale-Brewer, ſhould Chooſe their Alderman? Fanſie a Triſſe Embroiling here a few, there more; Fanſie that Meaneſt and moſt Scandalous Strife of this Paper, and another *much wiſer* about keeping the Peace; and whether when the Civil Power cannot do it, the Military muſt not help?

How Ridiculous muſt theſe things look to us, when our Thoughts were taken up, and our Paſſions in a ferment about the more ſignificant Articles of Ruine or Deliverance, Death or Life, Liberty or Bondage —— When a *French*, or an *Engliſh* Government, is the Queſtion? When the whole Nation would have Deſtruction in View, and the Fire of War grew to ſuch a Height, that the Flame was catching our own Houſes?

With what Indignation ſhould we look on theſe moſt Senceleſs and Impertinent Feuds? How ſhould we come to one another and ſay, "Come, Gentlemen, this is "not a Time for theſe Things, let them "alone for another Occaſion, there is ſome-"thing elſe to be Talk'd on now?

The preſent Queſtion is not, Whether a *Diſſenter* ſhall come to Church, or not come to Church? But whether there ſhall be e're a Church for them to come to, or not?

Not whether this Man Swears to the Queen, or that does not? But whether we ſhall have a Queen to Swear to, or no?

Not whether this is againſt our Liberty, or that againſt our Law? But whether we ſhall have any more Laws or Liberties to Talk of, or no?

I cannot but think theſe Unnatural Feuds, which now, with ſo much Abominable Heat, Agitate the Parties of this Age, would have a moſt Contemptible Proſpect to us, if we were under the real Circumſtances I have ſuggeſted: In Dangers, Things have quite different Aſpects from what they have at other Times; and I know no Perfection of Humane Wiſdom, greater than to be able to ſee Things in their own Light, and as they really are Abſtracted from, and Uninterrupted by the Interpoſition of Caſualty, Mediums, and Circumſtances.

Miſrepreſentations of Dangers, are ſome of the moſt fatal Miſtakes, and nothing tends to render a Nation ſecure, more than not to ſee, or not to underſtand their Dangers.

Now if we are falling out among our ſelves, it muſt be, that we are out of Danger of any Enemies Abroad, or that we are ſenceleſs of Danger.

I believe we ſhall find none ſo Blind to the Affairs of *Europe*, as to ſay, We are out of all Danger of Foreign Enemies, that it is impoſſible we ſhould meet with any Diſaſter in our Armies or Navies, but he that will, on the other hand, ſhut his Eyes againſt too much Demonſtration.

To be Jarring then among our ſelves, prompting Inveterate Feuds, dividing the Nation into Parties, Fighting and Quarreling at Home, while Danger is at the Door from Abroad, confirms the Front of a late Paper, of which I know no more than the Title, viz. *All Men run Mad, or the World a Great* Bedlam.

If we muſt Fight and Quarrel Gentlemen, let our Quarreling with one another, be the laſt thing we do; let us have done Fighting with the *French* and *Spaniards*, at leaſt let us be ſure to Beat them; and then, if like the *Taylor that ſtole the Ruſhes*, we muſt be doing ſomething *to keep our Hands in Uſe*; if we muſt be Fighting and Pulling one another to pieces, let it be at laſt, let it be then, when all the World is at Peace with us, and there's no Body left to hurt us; for without doubt, to Quarrel and Divide into Parties *now*, is to open the Door to a third Hand to fall in and Devour us both.

Juſt Publiſh'd,

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